

THE LIBRARY CONTEST

A number of business firms in Falls City, including The Tribune, have arranged for a voting contest to be entered into by Richardson county schools, churches, Sunday schools, societies, lodges, literary associations, or any other regularly organized bodies, the prizes to be an excellent library of 259 volumes, valued at \$650.00. The library will be absolutely free of cost to the winners, and it doesn't cost the voters anything to vote. When you make a purchase for cash, or pay a bill, the firm with which you are transacting business will give you a ticket, filled out with the number of votes to which you are entitled. You write in the name of the organization for which you desire to vote, sign the ticket, and deposit it in the ballot box, according to a plan outlined below.

THE LIST OF BOOKS

The following publications constitute the library:

- 10 vol. consolidated Ency. Library, \$ morocco.
- 10 volumes World's best orations, \$ mo.
- 10 volumes World's best orations, S cloth.
- 15 volumes Dickens works, cloth.
- 8 volumes Irvins works, cloth.
- 8 volumes Eliots works, cloth.
- 7 volumes Hugo's works, cloth.
- 8 volumes Shakespeare's works, cloth.
- 4 volumes Great Republic, \$ morocco.
- 10 volumes Classic Fiction, \$ leather.
- 12 volumes Classic Fiction, cloth.
- 10 volumes Historic Novels, cloth.
- 11 volumes Famous Novels, cloth.
- 1 volume Japan Novels, cloth.
- 3 volumes Prescott's Historic, cloth.
- 25 volumes Home Library, cloth.
- 107 volumes Copyright Fiction.

259, Total Volumes.

This beautiful library will be awarded at the close of the contest, to the institution receiving the largest number of votes.

The Tribune will, besides receiving the votes cut from the paper, issue one vote for every 10 cents paid on subscription at its office, either for arrears or for new subscription, or for job work or advertising.

The rules of the contest provide that each merchant shall carefully make a record of his votes on Tuesday night of each week, sending a duplicate of same over his signature to Tribune office before noon Wednesday, the merchant retaining his tickets with record, carefully filing them away to be delivered to committee on awards, appointed at the close of the contest.

VOTING TICKETS

Voting tickets can be secured from the following merchants:

Samuel Wahl

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Furnishings.

H. M. Jenne

Shoes that satisfy—Let us fit you

Ferd M. Harlow

The Cash Grocerman.

The City Pharmacy

Drugs, Toilet Articles, Sundries, Paint and Wall paper; also Stock Food at McMillan's

Heiser & Mosiman

The Falls City meat market. Dealers in Live Stock of all kinds.

Reavis & Abbey

Furniture, Carpets, Mattings and Elastic Book Cases.

Paul Hessler

Harness, Saddles and repairing.

Opera House Bakery

Bread, Pies, Cakes and Candy, Lunches, etc.

O. P. Heck

Flour, Feed, Baled Hay and Straw, Coal and Wood, Produce.

Oswald's Studio

High grade Photography.

LIBRARY VOTING TICKET

This coupon entitles the holder to ONE vote that can be cast for any institution competing for the beautiful library when properly filled out, signed and returned to this office.

Name of Institution.....

Name of Voter.....

THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE

FARGO.

Geo. Seerest was over from Craig Friday buying stock.

Wm. Dorste and wife of near Rulo were trading here Tuesday.

Frank G. Lotter and family of Stella Neb., were visiting relatives here several days this week.

Pearl Lawrence teacher of school district 27 is visiting home folks in Falls City during the holiday vacation.

Wm. Buckminster with his brother Gene Buckminster from Corning were in Falls City on business Saturday.

Eustace Pfunder was having some dental work done in Falls City Wednesday.

Julius Wallruff was a Fargo shopper Tuesday.

Mary Haunks was here Saturday where she has several pupils taking music lessons.

Mrs. Henry Asendorf of Reserve, Kansas visited with the family of F. E. Nitzsche over Sunday.

F. E. Nitzsche and family were over in Missouri last week visiting relatives.

Col. Thienman and Wm. Buckminster were business callers at Corning, Missouri Thursday.

Glen Thienman of Corning spent the holidays with his cousin Len Thienman here.

Quite a number of our young people attended a dance at Craig Tuesday night. They report a good time.

Clarence Schatz spent Christmas with home folks.

Griff Wright is delivering corn to Rulo this week.

Bald Dannecker took the train to Falls City Tuesday to pay his taxes.

Gust Hilfenbein was visiting with his sister Mrs. Geo. Klink over the holidays at Savannah, Mo.

George Hirschberger left for his home at Winona Logan County, Kan., Friday.

Henry Fischer was visiting with Aug Herbst Sunday.

Anna and Freda Paul were visiting with their aunt Mrs. Ida Herber over the holidays at St. Joseph.

Mrs. J. Rennels was visiting with Carrie Hirschberger Friday.

James and Bud Sells were at Fargo on business Saturday.

Coon and Bald Dannecker and Peter Nedeker were on business to Rulo Saturday.

Lewis Jones and family were at Falls City Monday.

John Hilfenbein and H. G. Dorste were at Rulo the first of the year.

Henry Fischer, Julia Wallruff and Mrs. Fischer were visiting with John

Hirschberger on New Years.

Mrs. A. F. Randolph left Monday for Oregon, Mo., where she will visit with her parents John Futscher and wife at Rulo Monday.

The Preston and Falls City boys were again after the wolves with their hounds Tuesday.

A. F. Randolph celebrated New Years evening in good style at Rulo.

Herman Koehler and wife left for Alabama where they will remain about a week.

A pretty wedding occurred at the home of the brides mother, Mrs. Ketter Thursday, Mr. Herman Seitz to Katie Ketter.

Which is It?

Every little while somebody takes an overdose of headache powders and dies and then everybody denounces headache powders. That is not fair to the headache powders, whose number is legion and whose principle is identical. Headache powders—or most of them—operate to cure headache by slowing up the heart's action. It follows, of course, that if people take too many of them the heart will go too slow and finally stop altogether. But people can do themselves harm by taking too much of any remedy or even of food and drink. The trouble, therefore, is not so much with the remedy as with the users of it. That is to say, people would be better off if they would let drugs alone altogether, but if they do use drugs they should not abuse them and then blame the drugs.—York Times.

The Steady Subscriber.

We sometimes wonder if news paper men generally appreciate the old subscriber at his true value. We mean the old stand-by who takes the home paper year after year, through evil as well as good report, and pays his subscription regularly just the same as he would any other honest debt. As a general thing the old subscriber is patient and slow to wrath. He will overlook many little slights which the man who borrows his reading would not stand for a minute.—Lansing (Iowa) Mirror.

He Had Done Well.

There are many sub-divisions of New York society, viewing it in its larger sense. One of them is composed of "Remittance Men." One of these is Richard Davis, an Englishman by birth and education, but a New Yorker and an American by adoption and experience, says the New York Press. It is not known just why Davis is kept away from his native land, possibly it was an army scrape, but however this may be, he receives his remittance regularly. And when he gets his remittance he always celebrates, and when he celebrates he does most ridiculous things.

Davis received his check one day last week, after settling all his bills he made the rounds of his favorite cafes. Late in the afternoon he left one place and as he got to the sidewalk he saw leaning against a lamp post the seediest, frowsiest looking mortal that could be imagined. The man's unkempt hair hung down upon his greasy coat collar. His ragged trousers scarcely met his shoe tops, his shoes were down at the heel and his faded coat was several sizes too small.

Davis stopped and regarded this being with close attention. Then walking up to him with his six feet two of stature towering high above the stranger, he looked him over critically from top to bottom, turned him gently around as he might a clothing dummy on a pedestal stepped back a few feet to get the full effect, and remarked with decision:

"Well you are certainly the limit!"

The individual against the lamp post was dumfounded. Words evidently forsook him. He merely gazed at his critic as if at an escaped lunatic.

Davis straightened himself into the attitude of a drill sergeant, and looking his victim sternly in the eye, called in stentorian military tones:

"Forward—march!"

As if from force of habit the hobnob fell into step and started off, with Davis following. Straight down Eighth avenue this strangely contrasted pair marched, till arriving in front of a clothing store, Davis gave the order:

"Halt!"

The stranger obeyed.

"Right about face: forward—march!" called Davis.

The tattered being marched. In the midst of a group of tables stacked high with clothing Davis ordered:

"Halt!"

Handing a \$20 bill to an astonished salesman he said, calmly: "Rig my fren' out in proper style."

The salesman immediately went to work, while Davis stepped back and watched the enjoyment of the tramp's transformation. It a few minutes the adornment of His Tatters was complete, and again the order was given:

"Forward—march!"

Again this singular procession appeared on the street, this time headed for a barber shop.

"Give gem'man hair cut, shave shampoo and keep the change," was Davis' order to the dazed barber, handing him a \$2 bill. The barber did not like the job, but the money tempted him. Davis sat down in a chair immediately behind, but ere long the liquor began to affect him and in a few minutes he was asleep. So sound was his slumber that even the lumbering steps of the renovated man as he shuffled out of the shop with a grin at his sleeping savior failed to arouse him. A minute after the tramp departed a man who seemed to be in a great hurry entered and took a seat in the chair recently vacated by the tramp. He was just having the last deft touches put to his fine mustache when Davis awoke.

As Davis' eyes sought the chair his ragged friend had oc-

cupied they immediately expanded. It was evident he doubted the evidence of his own eyesight. Finally a smile of proud delight spread over his face. Arising and straightening himself as best he could he clapped the dignified clergyman on the shoulder and exclaimed joyfully:

"Say, old sport, I never would have believed a new suit of clothes and a few razor scrapes would have come so near making a man out of you!"

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

Tuesday evening we stood in the lobby of the Lindell hotel at Lincoln and watched the crowd as it surged through the room. In the crowd were many of the leading men of the state—men whose names are revered by the people and whose power is recognized by all who meet them. Among the number was George L. Sheldon, who is now governor of the state; as he greeted friends and responded to their greetings, he must have been happy; no man in the vast throng was more sought after and none received greater homage. Suddenly we missed him from among the throng and after while we noticed him re-enter the hotel; but this time the crowd gave way to him, in respectful silence; no hand was out-stretched to greet him; no voice was raised in salutation for the attention of the most sought for man in all the crowd was engrossed in a little bundle of wraps, nerves and lungs nestling in his arms and a little woman who walked by his side; following them came other children—it was the baby, wife and children of Mr. Sheldon, who had just arrived at the hotel and as they made way to the hotel elevator, the pomp and glory of political power were forgotten in the greater glory and sweetness of caring for the home-ones. While no words came to our lips, our heart was shouting hallelujahs for the power and influence of love and home.—Table Rock Argus.

Senator Foraker's frantic appeal in behalf of the negroes would have more weight with the average person if it were not so plainly manifest that he is simply seeking political effect. Any plea in favor of a less fortunate race is commendable, but the Ohio Senator's attacks upon the President because of the President's act in the case which he believed required radical action bears the mark of cheap politics. There is every reason to believe that if the offending soldiers, who were discharged because they refused to help to preserve army discipline, had been white men they would have fared just the same. Mr. Foraker's grasp upon politics has been steadily slipping for several years, and he acts like a man who saw, in this instance, a chance to rebuild his popularity. But he will fail in such a game. Even the negroes will be slow to trust his sincerity.—Ex.

The statement is made that the St. Joseph merchants do not seek Hiawatha trade. That is an error. Alert business men always seek trade—they never desist; but the Hiawatha papers decline to advertise St. Joseph merchants. Only last week The World refused advertisements of the St. Joseph retail merchants association and also declined to sell the association 3,000 extra papers which they wished to mail at their own expense provided we would print their advertisement. The World also declined to print the advertisements of the Atchison Retail Dealers association. Do the home merchants appreciate this courtesy of our part? To protect them we have lost at least \$100 worth of St. Joseph and Atchison advertising. It's a way The World has. It can come as near doing as it pleases as any country weekly in America.—Brown County World.

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

Theft Statistics.

Some one, mathematically inclined, has been making a comparison of the embezzlements and kindred thefts of 1906 with those of last year and other previous years, and has demonstrated by actual figures that the percentage of embezzlement has substantially diminished during the last ten years. He places the total of these embezzlements for 1906 at \$24,739,653, or about 5 million more than last year. Of this total \$10,745,357 was stolen by officials of banks, \$10,745,454 by public officials other than postoffice employees, \$22,585 by the latter, \$379,571 by agents \$248,100 from associations \$223,687 by means of forgeries, and other defalcations amounting to \$1,428,969.

It is to be remembered that more than 10 million dollars of the money embezzled this year was taken by three men—one in Philadelphia, one in Chicago and one in Cuba, the agent of a New York house. These thefts represent the stealings of a number of years and cannot fairly be charged against the year 1906.

The statistician thinks a better comparison can be made with the years 1894 to 1897. In 1894 the total was \$25,234,112, and for the next three years averaged more than 10 million a year. The panic in '93 had much to do with the losses of 1894, but the money in banks at that time was only about half as much as at present. He concludes that if the percentage of loss is considered, the year 1906 is distinctly better than 1895, 1896 or 1897, though the loss in dollars is greater than any year since 1894. This moves the Chicago Tribune to say:

It will be impossible to stop embezzlement and theft until the whole world is filled with the Christmas spirit of good will toward men. That is a date far in the future. In the meantime the lesson is one of constant vigilance. No one is so honest that it is wise to leave everything unreservedly to him without check. There should be especially a more rigid supervision of the affairs of banks and trust companies. Any man or any concern inviting the public to deposit its money for safety or investment should have no objections to the most careful scrutiny of the use made of the money and the precautions taken to safeguard it. There has been some improvement made already and it is a hopeful sign that either increasing honesty or greater watchfulness has substantially diminished the percentage of embezzlement during the last ten years.

FACTS.

The average number of teeth is 32.

The weight of circulating blood is 29 pounds.

A man breathes about 20 times a minute or 1,200 times an hour.

The brain of a man is more than twice that of any other animal.

The average weight of the brain of a man is 3 pounds; of a woman 2 pounds 11 ounces.

Over 540 pounds, or one hog's-head and one quarter pint of blood pass through the heart in one hour.

The average height of the American man is 5 feet, 9 inches; of a Frenchman 5 feet, 4 inches; of a German 5 feet 7 inches.

Charles Herbert Browne has purchased the Horton Headlight and took possession last Monday. Charlie Browne was for some time general hustler for the Brown County World and is in every sense of the word a practical newspaper man. The Headlight has long needed some one to put brilliancy and business ability into that office, and Browne is just the fellow to do it. We wish success.—Kansas Democrat. (Hiawatha.)

ALASKA TO FAR CAPE HORN

Pan-American Railway Which Is the Greatest Project of Its Kind.

The gray plover nests in the hedges of Alaska, and when the short summer wanes it leads its young in perilous flight southward across plains, mountain ranges and then, guided by the coastline, wings its way steadily onward until it reaches its winter home in Patagonia. For more than one-half of the immense distance of its migration, says the Technical World, the flight course of the gray plover is almost coincident with the surveyed line for the projected Pan-American railway, a commercial connection between the northern and southern continents that a few years ago was regarded as the dream of enthusiasts, but which to-day has passed far beyond the realm of visions.

Men whose lives are well behind them will probably live to see the day when they can make an unbroken railway journey from the River Yukon, in Alaska, to the River Limay, in Patagonia. This journey from the north to the south means more than the traveling of an immense distance within a short space of time, though this thought alone is impressive.

It means the passing through alternate cold and heat, moisture and dryness, bare fields and green fields, treeless plains and tropical forests, fertile valleys and sterile mountains; it means acquaintance with men of every hue of skin and of every habit of life. It means the wedding of the ends of earth.

HIS PERTINENT QUESTION.

Railway President's Little Way of Keeping Tab on His Employees.

President Frank J. Hearne, of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company, of Denver, tells this story of the late Joshua Gentry, at one time president of the Hannibal & St. Joseph railway, which is now a part of the Burlington system.

Gentry was fond of going over the lines of his railroad in old and rather shabby clothes. At a junction station one day he climbed into the cab of one of his locomotives while the engineer was busy oiling. When the engineer returned to the cab President Gentry pointed to the steam gauge, which stood at 160, and asked: "Is that all the steam you carry?"

"Why," said the engineer, "that's the second time around."

The man in shabby clothes asked several other questions which seemed foolish to the man behind the throttle, and finally the engineer turned on him.

"Who are you, anyway?"

"I am Joshua Gentry, president of this railroad," said that official, with dignity.

"Then why in thunder don't you wear good clothes, so one would know you?"

INFORMATION FURNISHED.

Local Entertainer of Kansas Town Hands Inquiring Passenger a Good One.

The train had stopped at a little town in Kansas.

The passenger in the check suit, who was sitting by a car window, opened a conversation with the native on the station platform.

"Seeing trains go through is about all the excitement you have here, isn't it?" he asked.

"No," said the native. "We got a gas well here. It ketches fire yesterday, and we had a dickens of a time puttin' it out."

"How did you manage it?"

"Well, sir, after we'd tried everything else we tuk old Bill Flaxham, soused him in the boss trough, dumped him on the mouth of the well, and the fire went out all to wunst."

"Why couldn't you have used any other man just as well?"

"Cause, sir, old Bill Flaxham is the biggest sponge in the hull derned—"

But here the train moved on.

Couldn't Stop.

A. J. Cassatt, the president of the Pennsylvania railroad, said, anent an experienced workman:

"That reminds me of a western lad. He got a place on a railroad, became a brakeman, then a fireman, and one day, in an emergency, he undertook to run a locomotive."

"He ran the locomotive well enough, but he could not stop with the necessary precision, for this needs practice."

"With one station in particular he had trouble. He ran some 30 yards beyond this station, and then, putting back, he ran as far the other way. He was preparing for a third attempt, when the station agent put his head out of the window and shouted:

"Stay where you are, Jim. We'll shift the station for you."—N. Y. Tribune.

Titled Railroad.

Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, tells of a time when he was a school teacher in Ohio and knew two young fellows who between them looked after a small railroad station. One was Billy Van Horne and the other was Charley Hayes. The former became a telegraph operator and before ten years was superintendent of the St. Paul road. Now he is Sir William Van Horne, made a baronet because of the wonderful ability he displayed in rescuing the Canadian Pacific from its moribund condition. Hayes is now head of the Southern Pacific at a very large salary.